1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1948)1960
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796 535 792 investigator, a superintendent. Whereas the *tĕlikan* does not carry anything in his hands, the *pĕnampas* are provided with meeting offerings. The costumes for the *baris pendet* are the same as those for ordinary *baris* dancers. The dance figure itself is called *chakra lilit*, 'intertwined quoit'.

533 534 The orchestra appropriate to the *baris pendet* is the *sĕmar pĕgulingan*, though nowadays a *gong chĕnik*, a 'small orchestra' consisting of a *trompong*, a *saron*, a *jegog*, a *gangsa*, drums (*gupĕks*), a *kĕnong*, and cymbals (*chengcheng*), is also used. Only *gĕnding sĕsulingan*, airs in which the *sulings* or flutes can be heard, are played.

9

Baris Dĕmang

535 575 796 The *baris dĕmang*, too, is performed by its own dance group, organized in the same way as the *baris pendet* association. Also in this case there is a *pĕnyarikan* (sometimes called *klihan*) as head. The characters in the play consist of four *baris dĕmang*, four *baris dĕmung*, a *prĕbangsa*, and a *potet*, a comic disciple of the *prĕbangsa*.

796 534 535 575 The musicians in the *baris dĕmang* orchestra are also members of the association. The orchestra consists of the following instruments: a two-stringed viol (*rĕbab*), a six-slotted flute (*suling*), a pair of drums (male and female), a *kĕnok*, a *kĕmpul*, and a *kechek*. The flutes may be replaced by a set of *gangsa saron*, one of them serving as *pĕngisep* and the other as *pĕngumbang;* the *gangsas* each have thirteen keys beginning with the note *dang* and ending with *dung*. Several persons serve as *jurus payas*, persons who help with the costuming and make-up. In contrast to the *baris pendet* association, the *dĕmang* association provides all its necessaries itself. For this reason the entry fee is fifty cents; further expenses are met by head levies.

796 535 792 In their book *Dance and Drama in Bali*, De Zoete and Spies give a description of the *baris dĕmang* which may be quoted here:

> This *Baris* is only performed in one ward of Singaradja, Bandjar Tegal, and at one particular temple feast. It is danced in the manner of *Gambosh*, with the same wild, old-fashioned noise and pomp of war. In fact

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but not a final solution ..."[2] This festival, too, was without finality. Begun as a cremation to be performed in order to obtain somewhat more blessing on work in future, and at the least not to be troubled by the spirit of Jayaprana, the festival concluded with the hero emerging in greater glory, and even being proclaimed a kind of saviour. In comparison with other cremations the project was, at the outset, simple in plan. The wholesale interest which it aroused, however, expanded the festivities, adding a quality much prized by the Balinese – bustle.

I

Introductory Remarks

THE FOLK BALLAD

The *Jayaprana* is a very widespread and familiar ballad on Bali. The Liefrinck-Van der Tuuk Foundation copy contains a hundred seventy-nine stanzas. The contents are, in brief, as follows: In the *desa* of Kaliangĕt a family is stricken by sickness from which all perish except a son, Jayaprana, who, as the sole survivor, is taken into the household of the ruler, the *anak agung*.[3] When after a number of years the young man's merit has made its mark, he obtains permission from the *anak agung* to choose a wife for himself from among the ruler's subjects. In the *pasar* he chances upon a young woman from Banjar called Ni Nyoman Layon Sari. He marries her, but the *anak agung* becomes enamoured of his subject's bride and plans to have Jayaprana put out of the way. Pretending that raiding pirates have landed at the extreme northwestern point of Bali, he sends Jayaprana thither with an army, at the same time instructing his *patih* to kill the young man on his arrival in the endangered area, Chĕluk Tĕrima. Although various signs give Jayaprana a premonition of what awaits him on the execution of the order, he sets out on his way as a man duty-bound. Not even his wife is able to restrain him from going to fight.

Arriving at Chĕluk Tĕrima, Jayaprana learns from the *patih* what his orders are, whereupon he reconciles himself to death.

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After he has been killed the *patih*'s men have a very arduous return journey, since nature is preparing to avenge the murder. Badly battered, the troops come home. Layon Sari is then asked in marriage by the *anak agung*, but she commits suicide in order not to abandon Jayaprana.

The ballad is known throughout Bali. Many *desas* have one or more copies of it among their *lontars*, and it enjoys particular interest. It is much staged in the *arja*, the folk theatre. The metre lends itself particularly well to the high, thin voices of young girls which people hear with pleasure. For this reason all the young girls in northern Bali know the poem by heart, so it is said.

The ballad has become further known through the activities of the reading clubs.[4] It was published in *Djataju*, a pre-war Balinese monthly, and was selected to be included in part in an anthology of Balinese literature intended for teacher-training courses. Pupils at the grammar schools at Singaraja have staged it as a play in a kind of modern adaptation.[5] Not only is the tale universally known on Bali, but it has also been spread on Java through a Javanese translation, or adaptation, made by Mas Nitisastra.[6]

THE DESA KALIANGĔT

Kaliangĕt lies in northern Bali in the principality of Buleleng, some ten miles to the west of the capital, Singaraja, and a mile south of the coastal road. In every respect, Banjar, which is situated to the east of Kaliangĕt and is the seat of the *punggawa*, or district officer, is a more important centre.

Banjar and its environs, the flat *sawah* area as well as the mountains beginning due south, were the scene of much fighting in the first years after the war. The resistance movement found a great following among the population there, and in such a situation accidents were bound to happen. The *punggawa* himself was among the victims of the struggle for liberty. The *desa* proved to be reluctant to come into contact with Dutch people.[7] The recent struggle against the Dutch had not been the first in its history:

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yoke. He is considered as impure, and this gives rise to an offering 286
at which he must wear a *gĕringsing sanan ĕmpĕg*.[11] He continues to wear this *gĕringsing* for six seven-day weeks. According to popular belief if the rice crop is threatened by a plague, especially of locusts, persons who are *sanan ĕmpĕg* must be requested to make a procession to the *sawahs* wearing the *gĕringsing*. Shouting continually, they rouse the insects, which then disappear no one knows where.

In the village of Tĕnganan Pĕgĕringsingan itself the use of certain *gĕringsings* is prescribed for specified ceremonies. There is little known about the names of the different fabrics. There are three ways of classifying them: according to the number of threads bound together, according to the pattern, and according to the use the cloths are put to.

Besides the *gĕringsings* proper, another kind of cloth, the so-called *sampĕt*, is also made in Tĕnganan Pĕgĕringsingan. The *sampĕt* is a small white or yellow circular-woven *kain*. The white sort serves as a sash, *sabuk tubuhan*, which is part of the compulsory dress for meetings. These are the only fabrics woven in the *desa*. The *kain lilit* or *kamběn gantih* belonging to the *adat* costume of the girls is made in Tĕnganan Dauh Tukad and Pasĕdahan.

Music, dance, and drama are little developed in Tĕnganan Pĕgĕ- 53
ringsingan. Of the many Balinese plays the only ones known in the *desa* are the *Chalon Arang*, the renowned witch play, which has a more or less religious character, and the *gambuh*. Of the dances, the *legong* and the *barong* are new in the village and the *gandrung* and the *joged*, two dances which give the Balinese an opportunity to reveal their worst side, are forbidden. Consequently when in earlier times the rulers of Karangasĕm passed the night in the village they had to provide their own dancing girls and boys, for the *desa* could not supply them. The *desa* does not own a wayang set, nor is the wayang performed there.

Since music is used on Bali almost exclusively as an accompani- 533
ment to drama and the dance, it is understandable that the number of orchestras is also small. The *desa* owns a *gamĕlan gong*,

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533 which is under the care of the immigrants in the *bænjar* of Pande, and each of the three boys' associations owns a *gamĕlan sĕlunding*, which may be brought out only at full moon. The *sĕlunding* belonging to the *tĕmu-kĕlod* boys' association is particularly sacred, and is said to have descended directly from heaven. The iron keys are not fastened to the base, nor do they have any eyes with which they can be attached, as other *gamĕlans* do. The *legong* association, founded by the juvenile section of the boys (the *tĕruna nyoman*) has a *sĕmar pĕgulingan* orchestra. Finally there are two *gambang* orchestras, and one *gambuh* ensemble.

534 What attracted my attention most, however, was a coconut-shell *gamĕlan*, since I had never seen such a thing anywhere else on Bali. In a shed in the *banjar* of Pande I discovered a collection of coconut shells on strings in the rafters, and when they were got down at my request they proved to constitute three *gambangs* with coconut shells as sounding boxes instead of the usual bamboo tubes. I had elsewhere seen that bamboos were sometimes suspended under the keys instead of being fastened, but I had never seen coconut shells used for the purpose. The full orchestra consists of two *gambangs* with ten keys and one with four. Together they are called a *gĕlunggangan*, and are played to the accompaniment of two drums. The orchestra makes a very simple impression reminiscent of the African marimba or the Bantu pumpkin piano. My scribe was immediately able to pick out the tones of the Badung *rindik*. . Later I found such orchestras in other villages in Karangasĕm as well.[16]

212 The art of reading and writing is quite generally known in Tĕnganan, despite the fact that none of the children from the *desa* attend public or village schools. In the village itself there is a certain amount of instruction of the youngest section of the boys' associations, by their *guru*, as part of their religious education, but the high percentage of literacy is to be attributed primarily to the interest in the old *lontar* writings.

524 In closing, attention may also be called to the fact that children's games such as spinning tops, playing ball, and flying kites are subject to various regulations and prohibitions.

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task of the *patus* association for members who cremate their dead. The members of the *desa* of Tĕnganan proper do not cremate their dead and have no *patus* association.

DRAMA AND MUSIC ASSOCIATIONS

The prohibition in the *desa* constitution has been an obstacle to the rise of drama and music associations. In earlier times the stipulation was considered as an absolute prohibition, but recently the idea has developed that such associations may be founded, though the *desa* considers them as non-existent and does not arbitrate in case of differences. In Western terms one might say that the *desa* refuses to recognize their corporate capacity. The associations arising on this basis lead a languishing existence in Tĕnganan.

In Kĕstala the situation is quite the opposite. There the fact that the *bale kulkul* is a shed with a whole series of signal blocks is enough to indicate that there are a number of associations. Besides the *patus*, *bĕdigul*, and *pĕnyakap* associations mentioned above, there are also several music associations, including a *sĕkaha angklung*, which uses traditional bamboo instruments.

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permit the centralization of the artistic knowledge in a special intellectual class. In old Balinese books on ethics, like the *Niti Sastra*, it is stated that a man who is ignorant of the writings is like a man who has lost his speech, because he shall have to remain silent during the conversation of other men. Furthermore, it was a requirement for the education of every prince that he should know mythology, history, and poetry well enough; should learn painting, woodcarving, music, and the making of musical instruments; should be able to dance and to sing in Kawi, the classic language of literature. There is hardly a prince who does not possess a good number of these attributes, and those deprived of talent themselves support artists, musicians, and actors as part of their retinue. Ordinary people look upon their feudal lords as models of conduct and do not hesitate to imitate them, learning their poetry, dancing, painting, and carving in order to be like them.

Thus, not only the aristocracy can create informal beauty, but a commoner may be as finished an artist as the educated nobleman, although he may be an agriculturist, a tradesman, or even a coolie. Our host in Bali was a prince and a musician, but there were others of the common class who were among the finest musicians of the neighbourhood. Of the leaders of the famous orchestras of our district, one was a coolie, another a goldsmith, and a third a chauffeur.

Until a few years ago the Balinese did not paint pictures or make statues without some definite purpose. It has often been stated that there are no words in the Balinese language for "art" and "artist." This is true and logical; making a beautiful offering, and carving a stone temple gate, and making a set of masks are tasks of equal æsthetic importance, and although the artist is regarded as a preferred member of the community, there is no separate class of artists, and a sculptor is simply a "carver" or a figure-maker, and the painter is a picture-maker. A dancer is a *legong*, a *djanger*, and so forth — the names of the dances they perform.

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MUSIC

THE VILLAGE ORCHESTRAS

533 545 Although we had heard enthusiastic reports about the splendid music of Bali, its subtle beauty and vigour came to us as a revelation on our first night on the island. It is customary to hold a concert of Balinese music in the hotel gardens the night that the weekly boat arrives from Surabaya bringing new visitors. We had experienced disappointments on such occasions elsewhere and we were fully prepared to hear another of the denatured versions of native entertainment usually concocted for tourists. We distrusted the twenty-five or thirty young men who, nude above the waist and wearing sashes of blue silk, sat cross-legged around a square formed by impressive instruments in elaborate carved frames.

[534] There were metallophones, instruments with bronze keys like xylophones, sets of polished bronze bowls arranged from low to high like the notes of the scale, great bronze gongs, and many kinds of small cymbals. There were also two long drums wrapped in black and white chequered cloth.

Quietly, as if to indicate the piece to be played, someone started to beat out a tune on one of the high metallophones; others joined in, gradually increasing the volume of the playful melody, and soon they were all playing music the like of which we had never heard. It was a pure music like tinkling bells, interwoven with the fast humming of the cymbals, onomatopoetically called *tjéng-tjéng*, and punctuated here and there by booming gongs, the whole controlled by the masterful leadership of the two drummers, who, with the tips of their fingers, beat impossible rhythms on the double heads of their drums, each differently tuned. Suddenly, with a crash, they all struck a sonorous chord and stopped, all but the four boys playing on the *réyong*, who, in perfect unison and as if moved by a single impulse, beat the inverted bronze bowls with padded sticks, ringing out rippling

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chords, sinuous melodies that broke at unexpected places into resonant accents or rolled into fast syncopation. 538 545

When the *réyong* solo was over, the rest joined in again, building up the themes until they reached a furious climax that faded away into the original theme, but enriched by rhapsodical ornamentation on the high instruments against the measured basses and occasional reverberations of the deep gongs. It was an Oriental ultra-modern Bach fugue, an astounding combination of bells, machinery, and thunder.

All of the pieces they played that evening were masterpieces of musical structure, simple, but rich and alive, violent and at the same time refined, having little in common with the spirit of the over-refined, somewhat precious music we had heard in Java.

The performance, we found out afterwards, was given by one of the finest *gamelans*, orchestras, in the island — the *gong* Belaluan, pride of the quarter of the town that was later to become our home. One of the leaders of the *gong* was Gusti Oka, the young prince who became our host. When he rented us part of his house, we went to bed every night to the music of the orchestra that rehearsed only a few doors away in the *balé bandjar*, the communal meeting hall of Belaluan.

The ambition of every *bandjar* is to own the best orchestra in the neighbourhood. It is only very poor and neglected communities that do not have two or three orchestras of their own to play for their feasts and ceremonies. As soon as they can afford it, after their temples are in good order, the most pressing need is to organize musical clubs, procure instruments, and train musicians. Every member of the village association takes an equal pride and interest in the *gamelan* and they contribute gladly, with labour and even with money, to obtain the expensive bronze gongs and bars, to make and carve the frames of the instruments, and to secure teachers to train the musicians. Often the villagers own the instruments of a former orchestra that has fallen into neglect and have to call upon outside orchestras for their feasts; but let them be spurned by a successful modern group in a rival 533 621

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533 621 bandjar, and they will reorganize their *gamelan* at once — everybody helping with equal enthusiasm. The old instruments are returned, new frames are made, and all the missing pieces are replaced.

To organize a new musical club a community first selects a head man and a treasurer. The new musicians are chosen from among the young men of the *bandjar*, who are directed by others with musical experience. It is an honour to belong to such a group, and the members are not paid, but themselves contribute, in whatever way they can, to the acquisition of the instruments. In the group there are even men who do not play, but who are content to carry the instruments from place to place.

533 534 621 [435] The cost of a fine set of instruments often amounts to quite a fortune. The estimated value of the *gong Belaluan* was put at about fifteen hundred guilders. The actual monetary expenses were paid in instalments, and even after four years of profitable playing for the hotel, there still remained four hundred guilders unpaid. Of this apparently exaggerated figure a considerable part goes to buy a good set of large gongs, which are no longer made and are now a rarity and at a premium. The Balinese can make the bars of the metallophones, but the large gongs came from Java, from Semarang, where the last great makers of gongs lived. The richly carved frames of teakwood covered with pure goldleaf are also expensive. In former times it was a favourite hobby of the princes to form large orchestras and play in them themselves, but they are not quite so prosperous now, and today the organizations are more often independent, and it is the community that owns the orchestra. In Bali the orchestra consists of the set of instruments rather than of a group of musicians who own their instruments, as it is understood among us. In their zeal for improvement, the group of Belaluan went even further; fine costumes were made for the players and a special house was built to store the instruments, a shed for rehearsals. They even undertook to finance the repairs of the little temple of the *bandjar*, a

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good example of the love of the Balinese for their music and the pride they show in their orchestras. [533] [621]

When the orchestra is assembled and the musicians are sufficiently trained, rehearsals called by a special tomtom (*kulkul*) are held every night after the work of the day is done. Although it is a requirement in the education of every prince to be able to play many instruments, the musicians are generally ordinary villagers without distinction of caste, and the strict rule that a man of low caste must always sit at a lower level than a nobleman is completely ignored; in an orchestra, at least as long as a performance or a rehearsal is in progress, a prince becomes democratic. Each musician trains a substitute, often a child, to take his place in case of disability; in this way a musical school is formed. A good musician is not satisfied to play one instrument; he must be able to play all equally well and must know the music of other types of orchestras than his own. [564] [868]

The leaders are the two drummers, the best musicians of the group, selected by the group for their musical knowledge. It is generally the orchestra leaders who compose the new pieces. Of the two composers in Belaluan, one was a chauffeur and the other a poor neighbour of ours who worked occasionally carrying loads to the ships. I was told that I Lotring, leader of an orchestra with a great reputation (the famous *pelegongan* of Kuta, revived through the efforts of Colin McPhee), spoke and thought of nothing but *gamelans* and music, and it was said that he dreamed his compositions. I Lotring is the author of a masterpiece of rhythm called *Gambangan*. New compositions are elaborated gradually by the leader through criticism and suggestions from other orchestra members.

Rehearsals often last a period of months before a new piece has been rounded out enough to be played publicly. Modifications and improvements are made during the course of the rehearsal; often a drummer stops the rehearsal, walks to one of the high keyboards, and plays his suggestion for a change. The group

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533 either approves or rejects the proposal, and there are no outbursts of artistic temperament.

The Balinese do not write down their music. I asked if it was not difficult to memorize such long and intricate compositions and was told that "when the piece has been rehearsed long

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826 enough, so that it has once entered into a man's liver, he plays it without thinking."

538 628 Often the group was visited by the leaders of famous orchestras from other villages who were invited as guests of the community to teach new compositions. The leaders of the *gong* Ringdikit from North Bali came to Belaluan to exchange pieces: while [184] they taught the dynamic and revolutionary style of the North, they learned the classical pieces of the South. The musicians of Belaluan, on the other hand, went to other villages to break in new organizations and were always lavishly entertained. Once in [545] our village we witnessed a contest between two famous gongs;

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the rival orchestras were installed at either end of a large shed specially built for the occasion. A great crowd surrounded them. In the middle sat an impressive jury made up of the local princes and *pungawas*. The orchestras in turn played their best compositions while the audience remained silent. At the end the jurors went into deliberation and awarded the decision to the rival *gamelan*, who had come all the way from the district of Tabanan.

Despite the fact that there is no trace of Occidental influence in the music of Bali, even those who hear it for the first time are carried away by it. Musicians who have gone to Bali have become ardent admirers of Balinese music. Walter Spies was the first to take an interest in it and to write transcriptions, Leopold Stokowski wanted to bring a Balinese orchestra to America, and Colin McPhee has spent years in Bali compiling material and writing down the music. However, the laws of Balinese music are different from those of the West. There is in Balinese music a unified range of sonorities tending towards one sound; with the exception of certain bamboo xylophones, an incidental bamboo flute, or a two-string violin, all of the instruments are metals struck with mallets; there is a general tone-colour of metallic percussions — tinkling, acid sonorities that can be clashing and violent or soft and delicate, but are never sweet and plaintive. Their musical phraseology is simpler, more confined within a margin of sobriety, than our expansive and unrestrained music.

The Balinese have developed their music to the point of having a special type of orchestra for every purpose, each differing from the others in sonority, in the instruments composing it, in the pieces played, and even in scale. (The Balinese scale, with certain exceptions, consists of five notes, named from low to high: *ding, dong, deng, dung, dang*, corresponding to our E, F, G, B, C.) The "concert" orchestra is entirely different from the one used for feasts, cremations, and processions. The same holds true for the music employed for the various styles of plays and dances; the orchestra for marionette shadow-plays is radically different from the one used for the dances of young girls, which

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533 is again different from that used for heroic plays. The general tone of Balinese music does not produce the nervous shock on Westerners such as the more "Oriental" Chinese or Indian music does. Balinese music is readily acceptable to Western ears, perhaps because their compositions are performed by large musical ensembles in polyphonic harmonies and rhythms which are in a way reminiscent of our symphonic music.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES ON BALINESE MUSIC AND INSTRUMENTS

In a general way, a Balinese composition is divided into four parts: a light solo to introduce the piece (*geginaman*); an introductory theme (*pengunkab*); a central motif (*pengawak*), the "body" of the piece; and a rhapsodical finale in which the motives are developed (*pengetjet*). The melodies are classified by types according to their character: the fluid, delicate motifs (*memanisan*); the playful love themes (*pengipuk*), a sort of "allegretto" or "scherzo"; the strong melodies for masculine dances (*bapang* and *gilak*) and the violent war music (*batel* or *kalé*). Besides this generic distinction, the pieces have names of their own, such as "the roll of the waves," "*langkwas* flower," and so forth.

534 The basic instruments of Balinese orchestras can be roughly divided into the following groups: (1) Instruments with metal keys of various sizes and pitch; the higher ones of nine notes (*gangsa djongkok*) that play themes and variations; those of five notes in lower key to play basses (*gangsa gantung, tjalung, djublag,* and *djegógan*); and the *gendér*, with ten or thirteen notes which are played with both hands. The others are played with one mallet held in the right hand while the sound is stopped with the fingers of the left. (2) The suspended gongs (*gong, kumpur, kemong,* or *bendé*) to play deep accents. There is also the *reyong* and *trompong*, sets of twelve (or thirteen) and ten bells respectively, which are shaped like the gongs, but which are arranged in a frame in progressive scale. Themes and chord are played on these instruments. (3) Drums (*kendang*) to lead the orchestra, mark the rhythm, and underline the accents. They come always in pairs, a "male" and a smaller "female." The drums are wrapped in black and white chequered cloth to insulate them against evil vibrations. (4) Accessory percussions: a small gong (*kempli*) held on the lap and beaten with a stick; sets of cymbals (*tjeng-tjeng*) to beat fast rhythms; and various sorts of bells and small metal tubes (*kemanak*) to produce incidental tinkling sounds. Besides these,

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there are other instruments, such as the bamboo flute (*suling*) and the two-string violin (*rebab*), which are used mainly as a lead for the melody. The flute is often a solo instrument. They do not form an essential part of the orchestra. 534

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Flute-Player

The gong *kebiyar*, to which the orchestra of Belaluan belongs, is the large modern "concert" orchestra par excellence, where the art of ensemble playing, the colourful orchestration, and the vitality of the music show to best advantage. Music played by the *kebiyar* consists for the most part of new compositions based on older pieces, in free variation. The style of the South is more conservative and delicate than that of the North, which is loud, syncopated, and with revolutionary tendencies. Among the most famous gongs, during my stay in Bali, were the gong pangkung from Tabanan, those of Belaluan, Peliatan, and Selat in the North. The *kebiyar* is obviously a modern form of the gong *gedé*, the old-fashioned grand orchestra indispensable to temple feasts, where they 533

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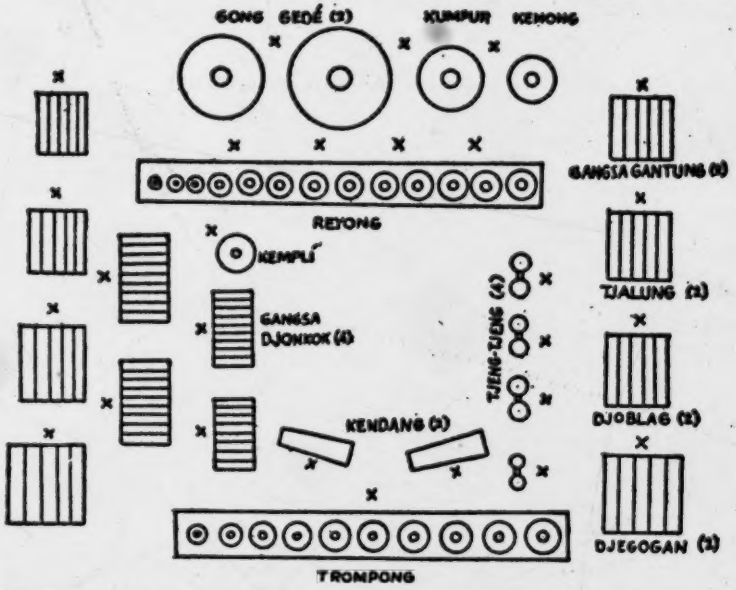
533 play throughout the night. The melodies of the *gong gedé* have an even, loud stateliness, without the delicate modulations of the *kebiyar*. In the old-fashioned *gong* the drums are beaten energetically with a stick and the hand while large cymbals clash loudly throughout the piece. The *trompong*, which does not appear in the *kebiyar*, plays the leading melody. A forerunner of the *gong gedé* is the *gong luang* or *berong*, an almost



Seating Arrangement of the *Gong Gedé*. × Indicates Musicians' Places

forgotten, archaic orchestra using a scale of seven notes. The only one which to my knowledge still exists is in the village of Krobókan in Badung, where it plays occasionally.

The *pelegongan*, the accompaniment for the famous *legong*, the archetype of the delicate, feminine dances, is a large ensemble playing music regarded as fine and classical by the Balinese. The style of the *pelegongan* is basic for a great deal of the music, and some of the finest standard compositions belong to it. It is used also in the *tjalonarang*, *djauk*, *barong*, and other dances of a similar character.

[534] There is another type of orchestra, the *pejogedan*, which has the same tonal style as the *pelegongan*, but much simpler, in which all the sound-

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ing keys are made of bamboo slats placed over bamboo resonators. A large, deep-toned bamboo key replaces the gong (*kumpur*). (It is used to accompany the light *djogéd* and *gandrung* dances, described elsewhere.) This orchestra and the archaic *gambang* are the only ones in which every sounding key is not made of metal. An ancestor of the *pelegongan* type of orchestra is the ancient *semar pegulingan*, which appears sometimes at temple feasts. The scale of this orchestra resembles that of the *pelegongan*, but it may have seven as well as five notes. 533 [534]

The *gendér wayang* is an orchestra composed of four *gendér* (two in North Bali) to accompany the semi-ritual shadow-plays (*wayang kulit*). The *gendér* is of great importance not only for the fine quality of its music but because it is prescribed for practically all home ceremonials, even in the daytime and without the marionette performance. It appears to be simple, but it is supposed to be the most difficult to master. Its music is perhaps the most refined and delicate, with liquid shades and suspended tempos. The *gendér* is played something like a piano; that is, the themes and harmonies are executed on one instrument with both hands. Its scale is different from the others.

The *angklung*, the most frequently played, is a very ancient portable orchestra used to create excitement and for marching. It has no dancing accompaniment of any sort. The fact that its scale is restricted to four notes is a sign of its antiquity. The *angklung* takes its name from a curious instrument still played in West Java that consists of lengths of bamboo arranged loosely on a frame so that when shaken they produce a certain chord. Colin McPhee located an *angklung* orchestra with a complete set of these strange instruments in the old village of Tjulik in East Bali, where it is still played. Ancient Javanese records mention that the *angklung* was used in war and to precede the ruler to announce his arrival. [534]

Other archaic orchestras still in existence in Bali are the *selunding*, which has great iron keys, and the *gambang*, already mentioned, played only at cremations in Badung and in Bangli. The keys of the *gambang* are all made of bamboo with the exception of one instrument that has metal keys. A stately melody is played on the metal instrument against an exciting, warlike background played on the bamboos. The Balinese say that it is very difficult to learn the *gambang* because the performer must think of poetical texts (*kidung*) to learn the themes. The poems suggest the melody, and the measure and punctuation serve as guide to the rhythm and pauses, so the player thinks of words as he plays. That [534]

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533 the gambang is not exclusively Balinese is shown by the fact that there are reliefs in the East Javanese ruin of Tjandi Panataran depicting gambangs.

THE DANCE

A FOCUS OF BALINESE LIFE

535 Next to having good orchestras, a fine group of dancers is an almost organic need for the spiritual and physical life of the community. Besides the passion they show for their music and dancing and the important part these play in the ritual, to have a skilful and famous group of dancers brings pride and social prestige to the village ward, the *bandjar*. The young men of today are 177 fond of football games, but all other attempts to introduce foreign 517 amusements have failed in Bali. The rare movie shows in the two large towns are patronized almost exclusively by the foreign population, and not even the rich princes like phonographs, although there are excellent records of Balinese music. I do not know anyone who has a radio.

535 Balinese dancing is essentially for exhibition: dancing to entertain an audience and for display of skill, a stage of development 545 that belongs to an advanced civilization, but that in Bali goes hand in hand with the ritual-magic dances characteristic of primitive peoples. Thus the survival of the primitive in a developed society, a characteristic of everything Balinese, shows itself in the dancing as well as in the general mode of life. In the religious dances the community amuses itself at the same time that it tries [785] to propitiate the gods and ward off evil spirits. There are even violent self-sacrificial dances in which the performers in a trance simulate self-torture with knives or walk on fire to appease the bloodthirsty evil spirits and to show their supernatural powers.

773 The Balinese attribute a divine origin to music and dancing. 535 It is said that Batara Gurú, the Supreme Teacher, invented the first instruments, and that Indra, the Lord of the Heavens, originated dancing when he created the incomparably beautiful *dedari*, the nymphs of heaven, to dance for the pleasure of the

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characters should have a deep, resonant voice to match the qualities of his face. A good dancer of *baris*, according to Balinese standards, is rare. We never tired of watching the princes Dewa Gedé Rake of Batuan and Gusti Ngurah Regog of Tegaltamú when they acted together.

The music for the *baris*, played by a *gamelan gong*, consists of striking standard melodies with contrasting interludes that indicate the steps and the moods portrayed by the dancer. Every part of his body, from his toes to the tips of his fingers, is in action during the dance. Every muscle of his face is controlled at will to render the storm of passions expressed by the quick-tempered warrior; expressions of admiration and wonder at an invisible magic world all around him, surprise and rage at imaginary enemies, pleasure, tenderness, and love. But as the music grows more violent, the dancer becomes more and more tense, raising himself on his toes until he gives the impression of growing in height; his eyes seem ready to jump from their sockets, his whole body trembles, making the flowers of his headdress shake violently. So raised on his toes and with his whole body at high nervous tension, he slaps his thigh and points an accusing finger at his enemy, as with wild yells of "Wah!" "Adoh, adoh!" he draws his kris and struts aggressively towards his foe, who comes forward at the same moment; before they meet, the dancers stop defiantly, cursing each other, and when the clash comes, with tiger-like grace they perform a stylized duel to music, in which the routing of one of the characters indicates the end of the dance.

The ritual *baris gedé*, *baris tumbak*, has an exorcizing character and is invariably danced at important cremations and in the feasts of the un-Javanized villages. It appears to be a native of Bali. There is a particularly magic *baris*, called *baris tekok djago*, in which the dancers are dressed in magic black and white chequered cloth (*polén*) and *gringsing* scarfs, which is prescribed for cremations in Badung; but in Sanur there is a group that dances in all-white clothes.

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198 538 tinued to practise it, keeping it as alive as it was in Java during the golden age of Hinduism before it fell into neglect at the advent of Islamism. It was not without reason that Raffles wrote in his *History of Java:* "The ancient mythological poems are preserved in Bali in more correct form than in Java."

533 538 The poems are written in stanzas based on the Sanskrit metre (*sloka*), which the Balinese have developed into as many as forty-seven different poetical measures that are particularly well suited to singing. These are given out to the masses by story-tellers who chant the Kawi texts while an interpreter explains them in ordinary Balinese. The people soon learned the Kawi poems by heart, although they do not understand the actual words and chant them purely for the sake of their musical metre. Today even boys of the common classes gather at night for hours to sing in Kawi, though the meaning of the songs may be obscure to them. Musical accompaniments were eventually added to the epic songs, and story-telling developed into a fine art in the form called *kekawin*, in which a large orchestra plays interludes between the episodes and dialogues recited and translated by two story-tellers.

536 538 177 The episodes from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* remain the most important literary works that the Balinese have appropriated for their own literature, and they have influenced the theatre to a great extent. But there are countless other stories, Javanese, native, even Chinese, that make the bulk of the literature of Bali, now being compiled by the Kawi scholars of Bali, Java, and Holland.

536 [775] [769] Out of an ancient shamanistic performance in which the ancestors were brought to this world in the form of shadows to communicate with their descendants, came the *wayang kulit*, the shadow-plays — a performance by marionettes (*wayang*) that cast their shadows on a screen and are manipulated by a mystic story-teller, the *dalang*. In olden times the *wayang* may have represented the forefathers and the *dalang* the priest, but in all probability the Hindu teachers of early times took advan-

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536 ous styles of classic plays, each with its own technique, and with special stories and costumes. For instance, episodes from the Ramayana are played only in *wayang wong* style (perhaps a development from the shadow-plays) in which masked actors in elaborate costumes enact the struggle between Rama and Ra-

[532]

Semar, as Twalén is Called in the Ancient *Wayang Gambúh*

wana, while the rowdy monkeys play tricks on each other and the clowns Twalén and Délam provide hilarious comedy. The [533] music of the *wayang wong* is, like that for the shadow-plays, mellow and delicate, played by the same *gendérs* augmented by drums and gongs to provide dramatic accents. The human *wayang* is not, however, as popular today as the shadow *wayang* and is rarely played.

545 The romantic and heroic adventures of Pandji, the native
536 Ardjuna, the dashing young prince of the *Malat* stories, are

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played in the *gambúh*, the ancestor of the Balinese opera. The *gambúh* is played by middle-aged actors who represent kings and prime ministers, singing and chanting long Kawi recitatives to the accompaniment of great bamboo flutes or a two-stringed violin, and drums and cymbals. The style of singing *gambúh* is curiously dissonant and archaic, with great contrasts of deep voices mingled with high falsettos, whines, and loud cries that grow into a jumbled chorus at the exciting moments of the play. There are other classic plays, more or less in the style of the *gambúh*, but with their own stories, such as the *tantrí*, *tjupak*, and so forth.

A great favourite is the famous *Ardjuna Wiwaha*, one of the Kawi classics, a masterpiece of romantic poetry, but when played in the *baris pendet*, it becomes a mixture of love story and rough-house. The favourite episode of the Balinese is the one in which Ardjuna, in deep meditation on a mountain top, seeks to obtain a divine weapon with which to vanquish the demon Deyta Wata Kewatja, who has insulted the gods by demanding that the most beautiful *dedari*, the nymph Supraba, be given to him in marriage. The long penance of Ardjuna worries the gods, who decide to send the most beautiful *dedari* to bring him out of his abstraction so that he may help them to make war against the demon. The nymphs find him in a deep trance and all immediately fall in love with him. They display their charms and employ every artifice to attract his attention, but they cannot break his penance.

In the play the main *baris* dancer sits with closed eyes and hands clasped in an attitude of prayer while his *patih* and Kertalah make poor attempts at meditation. Two beautiful girls appear; they are Supraba and Tilotama, the nymphs, who dance in front of him, embracing and kissing Ardjuna, who remains unmoved, while the clowns appear indignant at his indifference. The *dedari* go away broken-hearted, when suddenly a blood-curdling roar is heard off-stage. The clowns are paralysed with fear. A monster with the head of a wild pig leaps into the arena.

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535 545 883 On our first night in Bali, strolling on the outskirts of Den Pasar, we heard again the same syncopated, persistent beat of drums and gongs we had heard in the morning. Following the sound, we came upon a great crowd watching a show, and after a good deal of pushing, we managed to make our way to the front rows. There were the dancers of the morning, but it was the *djanger* for the Balinese. Instead of tourists comfortably seated on folding chairs, the nude torsos of a great mob of eager people pressed us on all sides until we could not move a hand and were nearly suffocated by the constant blast of human breath, overpowered with heat and the heavy perfumes that emanated from the dense crowd. Children climbed on walls and trees or crawled over our feet, trying desperately to see something. Instead of the "traditional" costume worn for [292] [177] tourists, the girls wore tight chiffon blouses, their flower crowns framing their heavily powdered faces. The boys were dressed in European shirts, neckties, shorts, golf socks, and football shoes. Over their shoulders they wore a sort of chasuble of black velvet with appliqués of gold braid, spangles, and epaulets of gold fringe. They had red flowers on their bare heads and incongruous false moustaches on their chalky faces. Only the dance master wore the usual theatrical costume of brocade, but with an added shirt and bow tie. Like the others he wore a huge moustache.

We never discovered the purpose behind the absurd costume; perhaps it was only fun, perhaps to caricature Europeans. But the insanity of the costume was surpassed by that of the performance: to the serpentine melody of a bamboo flute and the [533] syncopated beat of drums and gongs, the girls sang nonsensical songs about flowers, rice cakes, and so forth, many words without meaning, simply to create rhythm: "djange – djange – djangerere . . ." while their hands flew, the flowers on their head shook, and their eyes snapped in unison with their necks. The boys, the *ketjak*, swayed and shook, shouting: "Ketjakketjakketjak – tjak! tjipo – *oh!* tjipo – *oh!* a-ha-aha!" much in the

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764 on it, dashing the empty pots to the ground to break them, which is one of the rules. The body is so thoroughly soaked in holy water that one begins to wonder how it is possible that it will burn. Next the important accessories,[1] together with thousands of *kepengs* as ransom to Yama, the lord of hell, are spread over the body; costly silks and brocades are piled on it, and the lid is replaced, while the more voluminous offerings are put under the coffin to serve as fuel. The priest stands facing the closed coffin for a final blessing and often he himself sets off the pyre. [372] Fire from matches is considered unclean and it should be procured by friction or by a sun-glass.

The orchestras play all at once, the *angklung* louder and more [533] aggressive than ever, while the *gambang* hums solemnly near where the old men and the women relatives have assembled to watch the body burn. The air is heavy with the odour peculiar to cremations, which haunts one for hours after, a mixture of decaying organic matter, sweating bodies, trampled grass, charred flesh, and smoke. The mob plunders the towers to rescue the mirrors, silks, and tinsel before it is set on fire. Everybody is tense and they dash about excitedly feeding the fires, all except the high priest, who is in a trance, performing the last *maweda* on a high platform, the elderly men, who drink palm wine from [273] tall bamboo vessels, sitting in a boisterous group, and the daughters and wives of the dead men, who remain unemotionally quiet in the background.

The men in charge poke the corpses unceremoniously with long poles, adding debris from the towers, all the while joking and talking to the corpse. The crowd is neither affected nor touched by the weird sight of corpses bursting out of the half-burned coffins, becoming anxious only when the body is slow to burn. Soon the cow's legs give way and the coffin collapses, spilling burning flesh and calcinated bones over the fire until they are totally consumed, often not without a good deal of poking. Small boys are then permitted to fish out the *kepengs*

[1] The adegan, kadjang, angenan, ukur, and ulantaga.

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Gusti Alit Oka: prince, carpenter, and musician, who as drummer led the famous ensemble of Belaluan. The boy at the left plays the cymbals onomatopœically called *tjeng-tjeng*. BELOW, musicians from Klandis

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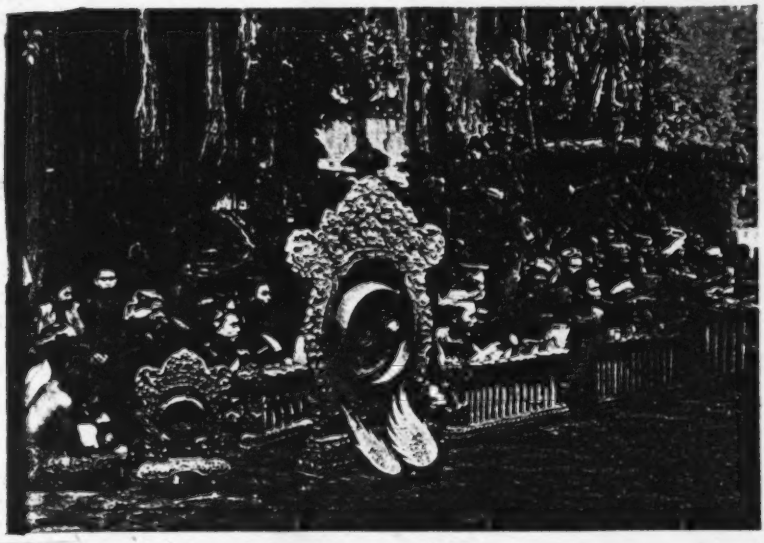

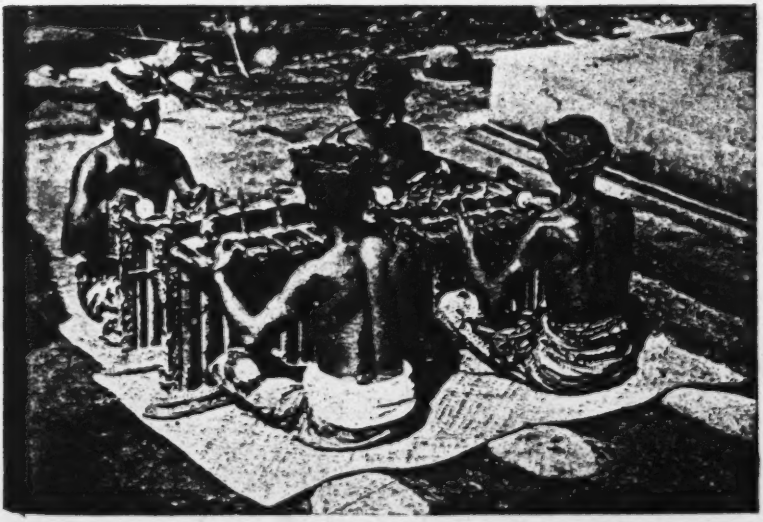

The pelegongan from the village of Saba accompanies the famous legong
The gendér wayang orchestra, below, is used as accompaniment to the shadow-play

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fully preserved and reverently handed down by the people for perhaps five hundred to a thousand years.

The palm-leaf instruction books are referred to chiefly while a young priest is studying for office. As a rule by the time he is ready to officiate the order of the ritual and the prayers have become so familiar to him that he needs no book of instructions. Similarly, the array of offerings is taken care of by the women, special offering experts, who seem to be able to carry in their heads the thousands upon thousands of minutiae without which the offerings would not be complete, and in their finger tips, the necessary twist of the knife to cut out this or that intricate design in the folded leaves of young palm which will form the decorative fringes, panels, streamers, and top-pieces.

As the day of the festival approaches, more and more time is required of the villagers. At the last moment, a few thousands of small cakes are to be baked. Elaborate compositions of flowers and fruits and cakes have to be built up on a banana-stalk base, each unit impaled on a bamboo skewer to hold it in its place in the formal design of the offering. The meat offerings are the last to be got ready, lest they spoil in the heat, and these are the especial care of the men. A pig is killed, sometimes a calf, and ducks and chickens by the dozen. Intestines are pulled out and washed and refilled to make sausages. Fowls are roasted over spits. A great chopping and hashing goes on feverishly for many hours, as the men mix up concoctions of vegetable, meat, and blood to form around the little skewers for roasting and to serve up in mounds to accompany the rice. A special attention is to cut up the fat of the pig into flowers, impale these and fix them in a central support, to form a bouquet of pig-fat, one of the most imposing of the ornamental offerings.[4] But in the course of all these preparations, though the tongue be hanging out for a taste of the unwonted delicacies, no one forgets that this is a feast for the gods, and that the villagers will only get their share after the gods have been served. They will receive, as it were, the leavings from the gods' table, which they call *locngsoeran*, literally, "what is asked back."

For the occasion of the festival the local players of the *gamelan* orchestra, the actors and dancers of the village often prepare a new performance. Many hours of rehearsal may go into working up a new composition, based on the old melodies and rhythms, but recreated for the festival performance. If the village boasts trained dancers, these also go through a rigorous training period before making their "opening" at the temple festival. In many cases, especially if the village has funds, neighboring troupes of dancers and actors are invited to give a performance for a small fee and a part of the feast, or again a play may be arranged with the local talent augmented by one or two famous players, a clown or a player of a princely role, who comes from a distant village and adds to

[4] See Bateson and Mead, 1942, p. 115, Plate 30, Nos. 3, 4.

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But the bowl can be replenished again and
796 again, simply by adding (*antoenin*) ordinary water from the temple's
[1098] jar, mixing it with the few remaining drops of the *banjoen tjokor*, which make it holy.

[782] When a woman comes bearing a baby into the temple, she brings a special offering to be offered at a special shrine. The child, until it has
[784] had its three-months-old celebration (*samboetan*) may not enter the
[858] temple. But at the first *odalan* following this ceremony the baby is brought to the temple, where his mother or aunt makes the obeisance
[782] for him at the shrine of Ratoe Ngeroerah, offering a *tipat dampoelan*.
Other special offerings may be brought at this time to the gods. At this
796 *odalan*, for instance, a woman who had been ill fulfilled the promise she
782 had made to the gods if she should be cured. These "promised" offerings (*penaoeran, sesangi, sesaoedan*) also may be chosen at will. In this case there were two tall *djerimpen* (5 feet high), *pengoelapan pengambéan, peras adjengan sesantoen*, and a pair of silver flower ornaments for the headdresses of the gods of Nagasari. When they had been offered, the silver flowers were added to the natural ones adorning the crowns of the little figures. Another woman brought a *penaoeran* of *djadja koes-koes* (cakes) with an "essence" of 150 cash; this she had promised to the gods when her cow was lost, and as she came upon it in a neighboring village, she could do no less than to fulfill her promise at the subsequent visit of the gods to their temple.

Now the women, when they had received holy water, could take their offerings home again, with the exception of the special offerings such as the *djerimpen* and the silver flowers. Those who had brought *adjoeman* carried them away, the poorer only by the two *tjanangs* (little trays of betel) left on the shrine of the gods.

In the temple the coming and going of women bearing offerings, the groups of women and children kneeling to be blessed, the priest busy dedicating the voluntary offerings, the players of the *gamelan* (orchestra)
● [533] assembling, made a scene of riotous color and confusion. All the people,
[202] all the *pengajah*, would shortly be called by the loud beat of the *koel-koel*. When all had gathered, the orchestra would begin to play, and the gods taken down from their "seat" to be ceremonially escorted to the bathing-place (*bédji*).

Procession to the bath (Ke bédji)

796 It was the hour near sunset when all the Balinese of the warm regions
[515] go to the bathing-place (*kajeh*). The word covers the two activities of "having a bath" and "fetching water" to be carried home to the house.
[1176] At the *odalan*, the identical pattern is followed. The gods are escorted to the bathing-place for their bath, and water is brought back to the temple. In the village of Sajan, the gods of the different temples go

pāpo 'haṃ pāpakarmā 'haṃ
pāpātmā pāpasaṃbhavaḥ
trāhi māṃ sarvapāpebhyaḥ
kenacid mama rakṣatu

kṣantavyāḥ kāyikā doṣāḥ
kṣantavyā vācikā mama
kṣantavyā mānasā doṣāḥ
tat pramādaṃ kṣamasva mām

English

Om. Have mercy on me, Great God (Śiva), O benefactor of all living beings!
Free me from all evils, protect me, O Sada-Śiva!

I am an evil man, I am an evil-doer, of an evil soul,
sprung from evil (or: a source of evil).
Rescue me from all evils! By any means let him protect me!

May my sins in my body be forgiven, may my sins in speech be forgiven,
May my sins in mind be forgiven! My negligence, then, pardon!

The essence of these verses he wafted towards the gods with a flower — and the gods "were seated." They were replaced upon the central shrine, the *Pepelik*, to sit in state viewing the proceedings. Their followers, the *gegaloek*, did not sit with them, but were placed in a different building, the *Penjaroeman*. This would be the polite and fitting procedure if they were people accompanied by attendants of lesser standing.

Orchestra players' feast (Sekaha gong ketegakan)

9:40 p. m. It was now twenty minutes to ten, and the ritual which we have been describing had been going on without a break since the gods were taken down from this shrine to go to the bath, more than two hours before. A slight pause was welcome. During the period which followed, the members of the orchestra were given a feast, at the expense of the *bandjar*, to recompense them for playing.

Now for a time the members had nothing much to do, for the priest had a long ritual of prayers to get through before their assistance would again be needed. They were free to wander about outside the temple, sampling the wares of the pretty vendors, gossiping, perhaps taking a turn at one of the gambling tables. Or, if they were too dressed up to move freely, as were the *méndèt* dancers, they sat about on the various *balés* in the temple, chatting, rearranging their hair and their scarves, until it should be time for them to dance again. But no one could go home, for they were expected to stay through the night at the temple, doing full honor to the gods.

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He poured the libations with the formula: 796*

Pakoeloen Padoeka Betara katoeran sarining sadjeng sari, sadjeng djamboel, sadjeng rateng, lenga wangi boerat wangi. 793 [539]

3:00 a.m. At three o'clock he placed the *tjanang* on the ground (*ngeloearang tjanang*) and made a last reverence to the gods. Then he lay down on one of the offering stands and went to sleep. 782

All the pavilions in the temple were crowded to overflowing with people — men, women, children, old people, and gay young blades, curled up on the floor of the buildings sound asleep, or sitting up in a valiant effort to keep awake on this the last of a series of wakeful nights. The gayest of all were the young people, the unmarried girls who had been dancing, and who were still dressed in their elaborate costumes, the flowers slightly awry in their hair, and the young men who had been playing the *gamelan*, and now continued to whang on the instruments in a desultory way. To these young people it seemed to be an occasion stimulating to the senses — for every one knows that it is forbidden to "play about" in the temple.[1] The boys followed with their eyes the more attractive girls, to see where they found a corner to wedge themselves in and lie down — hoping to maneuver for themselves a position not too far away. There was much good-natured calling back and forth of allusions, interrupting the voice of the *sinoman* as he read out the roll-call, to be sure that on this night every household was represented in the temple. 796* [883] [533] [688]

While the lamps burned brightly, and the voices called from one pavilion to the next, one by one they dropped off to sleep.

This spending the night in the temple is called *tangkil*, the word used for "coming into the presence of" a noble. One hears a young girl ask another, "Are you going to *tangkil* tonight?" The word *tangkil* also refers to the crouching position assumed by a person of lower caste in the presence of his superior to do him honor. Applying this term to spending the night in the temple therefore suggests that it is one more way of doing honor to the gods. On the night of the *odalan* proper and the night of *njimpen* (putting away) the entire group of representatives is supposed to remain, so that it is not necessary, as on the intervening nights and the nights preceding the *odalan*, to appoint watchmen. [516] [564]

Dawn of the Fourth Day (Njimpen, continued)

5:00 a.m. As soon as it began to be light, people started to call out, "There's already a brightness in the east. Get up! Get up!" (*Soeba galang kangin! Bangoen! Bangoen!*). The priest awoke and asked the

[1] The fine is 500 képèngs for sleeping next to a woman. The priest said that for actual misbehavior the penalty would be to take down the entire building and to carry the earth on which it stood down to be cast into the sea. [688]

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali OF7

adolescent and young married women, the loveliest of the village, ranging from twelve to twenty-five years old.*

It is 1:50 A.M. The girls take down the little gods from the shrine, hold them in the right hand, by the waist. They form in two lines, facing the Durga shrine, and libations are poured before them. The *gamelan* is playing a delicate, tinkling tune. The two lines face each other, cross and recross in the tiny court; then they dance in a circle while a woman carrying a smoking brazier dances in and out of the circle. The *gamelan* plays the climactic music (called *batel*) as if this were the moment to go in trance, but it does not happen. The old priest takes the little gods from the dancers and replaces them in the shrine.

The men continue with the order of the ritual, the ceremonial "crossing of spears" (*maloeang toembak*). Ketjig (who is possessed by a tiger) and I Poetoe go into trance and do the self stabbing before the Durga shrine. The small boys shout. Ida Tereh comes down from the platform where he has been sitting all this time; he is led forward; he steps stiffly, his eyes closed, his hands extended at his sides. They place the Rangda mask on him. He dances. He pauses. He dances again. Then someone calls for a libation. The mask is taken off him. He sits before the Durga shrine. He holds up a brazier of hot coals, puts it down, buries his face in it, puts his hands on it, rubs hands on face. He holds a leaf cup over the brazier. He takes up the brazier in both hands, raises it before the shrine. He takes a leaf cup of *arak*, circles it three times over the brazier, and spills it on the ground. Assistants pour again into the leaf cup a little *arak*—all that is left in the bottle—and he drains this off at a gulp. He puts his hands again on the brazier and to his face, three times. He turns around. He puts on his head-cloth. He gets up and walks off out of sight behind the shrine.

It is nine minutes past two. The girls take the little gods again. Moenet (one of the young married women, an excellent dancer) leads with the brazier. A stand covered with offerings has been placed in the center of the court. The priest from the Patal temple prays and pours libations. Ketjig (the tiger) is in the center of the circle of girls dancing. He prowls around the offering stand. (It is said that what he does in his tiger impersonation is to devour offerings.) As the girls dance in a circle only Ketjig and the priest are in the center.

The priest speaks to Ketjig. He pours a libation from a bottle all around the offering stand on the ground. Moenet, with the brazier, begins a wild dance, her eyes staring. This starts them all off. Simultaneously, Ketjig begins to do *ngoerek* (self stabbing) in the center. A little plump girl, Ngales, about fourteen, falls down on her knees, her legs one to each side, crying loudly and hysterically. The girls go on dancing; one by one they give a shout and fall down crying. Ketjig falls flat on the offerings on the stand, but just lies there stiff, does not devour any of them.

*They are called here *sang hyang boeng boeng*, and all have the names of flowers (*boenga* means "flower"). In other parts of Bali *sang hyang* dancers are little girls who go into trance but who must stop dancing when they reach adolescence. The *sang hyang déling* of the Kintamani area and those of Bajoeng Gedé studied by Bateson and Mead have little puppets on a string (*déling* means "puppet") and these must be "animated" before the little girls go into trance (see Plate V).

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali OF7

796 [535] Moenet . . . Her dancing is impersonal yet sensuous, where the *legongs* (formal child dancers) are also impersonal but not sensuous. She uses the curves of her matured body, but, one feels, for no human purpose and bound to no human emotion. Contrast with Aijoe in Kepaon, who is a beautiful, mature woman dancing as such. Ngales comes and dances with her. Ngales contrasts strongly with Moenet's aloof, reserved, unhurried poise; although she dances well she is definitely aware of the gallery—a little bitch.

[857] [798] The children danced again with offerings. At 9:38 the little gods were taken down from the shrine by Ketjig, handed to the girls, who performed again the dance in two lines which cross, then the figure in a circle, as before. Up until two minutes past ten o'clock they continued, the orchestra playing, people shouting, "caught on a plateau of waiting" to go into trance. It was expected that a certain Dajoe, a girl of Brahmana caste, would be the first to go into trance. She was. The notes say:

796 786

> Dajoe goes down on her knees, digging the *boeng boeng* (little god) into the ground, head down. The old priest comes and takes the *boeng boeng*. Dajoe holds her hands clasped between her knees, continues to sway . . . Dajoe is getting more excited. . . . Ketjig gives a yell, faces each and glares into her face. . . . Second girl goes down, knees pointing out, wide apart, also digs the doll into the sand, screaming and crying. Moenet dances over her. Moenet gives the impression of being a sort of presiding genius, infinitely more advanced in the mysteries which are under foot [afoot?]. . . . Ngales goes down, digs her doll *into her lap* and into the sand. Priest drags Dajoe forward, in tears.
>
> 10:10 P.M. First two in trance are now out. Moenet is still dancing around the group. She puts her arm lightly, so lightly, now around one, now around another. She weaves in and out, touches the ones on the edge, gathers them into the group. (Comment) This is the most witchlike thing I have seen in Bali, the lightness, the sense of weaving a spell, catching the neophytes in a net with cool, light, impersonal Evil, is very strong.
>
> 10:11 P.M. (Dancer) number five throws her doll down and buries her hands in the sand, arms straight in front of her and parallel, rises and sinks on her hands, crying. Priest takes her and drags her up. Third and fourth are now out of trance, sit and watch. This is the most serial trance that I have ever seen.
>
> 10:19 P.M. . . . Dajoe scatters fire all about her and falls screaming. Moenet now goes in, yelling and walking about. . . . Dajoe rocks back and forth on her knees. . . . Moenet screams on—a thin, unearthly sound, neither like the male kris dancers roar nor the shrill female kris dance scream. (Note: The *gamelan* players, to get them in trance, gave regular male kris dance shrieks —cross stimulus on a high level.)

[152] [533] Moenet on this occasion did not ever fall to the ground. At the last, the group of girls sat with the *boeng boengs* held erect on the tip of their knees. The priest sprinkled them. Ketjig took the little gods from them and put them back on the shrine. When all of the girls had given theirs up, Moenet

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
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legged on the floor. Servants and retainers, people of low caste, came and went through the court. Other pavilions for their use were provided in a rear court, where they would eventually receive a share of the feast; but if any man wished to be seated in the court of honor, he might, after making a reverence with joined hands, squat down on the ground anywhere without fear of offending his social superiors. When all were assembled, the Radja appeared. He marched across the courtyard, mounted the steps of the pavilion where the High Priests sat, and seated himself crosslegged on the bamboo couch which formed the highest level within the court.

The Place of the Children

On occasions such as this when the strictest etiquette must be observed the children are not much in evidence, so quiet are they, so intent on watching their elders and imitating their behavior. Small babies may be present, but they are not heard to cry, for at the first whimper they are given the breast of the mother. This applies to children up to two and three years old, provided no younger brother or sister has taken their place. Aunts, cousins, and elder sisters (from the age of eight or nine) habitually carry or hold children of this age. But it is not customary for a woman other than the mother to suckle the child. A youngster may scuttle across the intervening space which divides the women from the men, scramble into its father's lap, and sit there quiet and solemn-eyed. This is not in the least embarrassing to the fathers, who are extremely affectionate and proud to show off their young. It is not unusual to see a player in the gamelan orchestra holding on his knees for two or three hours his small child, while he reaches around it, beating the keys of his resounding instrument.

As the children grow older, the boys tend to clan together in groups of their own age, whereas the girls stay more closely beside their mothers. One often sees a gang of small boys playing in the village street, flying kites made of a leaf, or a captive dragon-fly, or playing "jacks" or gambling games with pebbles. In contrast to their elders, they do run, skip, and tumble, but rarely does the play take a rough turn. Quarrels consist of brusque words and threatening gestures on the part of the stronger child, while the weaker immediately assumes an attitude of submission, or, if he is struck, utters the plaintive "ado!," equivalent to our "ouch!" The utterance

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857 of this pain-word seems to satisfy the oppressor, who desists. I
201 never witnessed nor heard of a case where one small boy "beat up"
578 another. Certainly the hierarchy of ages recognized in any family group tends to discourage fighting, for every child knows that he is
561 allowed to "speak down to," scold, and order about his younger
857 brothers and cousins, just as he himself is spoken down to and ordered about by brothers and all relatives older than he. The system works smoothly, for if one is humiliated by an elder, one may take out one's venom on a younger member of the familiar group. The accumulation of ill-humor does not fall too heavily upon the youngest child, for he can always take refuge behind the protective skirts of the mother, who is older, and therefore in authority, over his oppressor. So are the scales balanced.

562 Very small girls are sometimes seen in the company of the boys
857 who play in the streets. But by the time the girls reach the age of responsibility—seven or eight—they are more apt to remain in the housecourt with the mother, taking a part in her work. Or if they
[483] are seen along the road, they carry on their hip a younger child en-
[855] trusted to their care.[4] These diminutive nursemaids saunter up and down, or stand watching the play of the boys, prevented from joining in the activity by the responsibility, and the actual weight of their charges. Girls do not play games, for gambling is a man's
[524] occupation. Neither can they share in one of the boys' favorite di-
[533] versions, that of drumming away for hours on the instruments of the village orchestra, which are generally left in an open pavilion accessible to the children. This is another occupation which belongs to the men. The girls stand by watching, and do not think of trying
[462] their hand at it, although they are not actually forbidden to do so. I have known one or two girls, dancers, who had developed quite a proficiency as musicians, but their cases were exceptional. In the same way girls are not expected to paint and draw. When I sent
53 out a call to a number of villages for the drawings of children from
562 four to ten years, and distributed materials sufficient for all, not a
857 single girl sent in a drawing, nor would the little girls of my own village attempt any drawings even under repeated encouragement. Yet these same girls are learning from their mothers the complicated
[868] arts of making offerings, cutting designs from palm-leaf, and weaving.

[854] [4] Boys also carry babies, without shame, in imitation of their fathers who habitually dandle the small children.

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The feeling of modesty—no other words seems to apply—attached to eating does not apply to drinking, and anyone will drink anywhere, without making a fuss about it. Similarly no shame is felt for urinating, which is done by both men and women along the public roads, in the open fields, anywhere except within the housecourt or on holy ground. But for defecating the people retire to relative privacy, "where the pigs are," out of sight. The many pigs and dogs act as scavengers, and may be relied upon to do away with all the filth.

Where there are gushing springs, bathing places are constructed, with walls dividing off the place of the women from that of the men. When the rivers are used for bathing, the sexes divide into groups, the men taking the upstream position, the women the downstream. But within each group modesty is shown, and the genitals may not be exposed even to a member of the same sex. The men cover themselves with one hand, the women lift their skirts gradually, and suddenly plunge waist deep in the water. Dressing and undressing may be done in public by both men and women, for their clothes are of such a nature that they can be changed without immodesty.[9]

Manifestations of the Emotional Life

The Balinese are universally afraid in the dark, and the fear of *léjaks*, living male and female sorcerers in supernatural form, is intensified between the hours of midnight and dawn, when these creatures are supposed to roam. Even grown boys and men will not visit at night unholy places such as the graveyard, the crossroads, certain trees and bridges where supernatural manifestations are frequent. They are afraid to walk along the dark village streets at night, unless accompanied, but if a man must go alone he sings in a loud voice to frighten away the *léjaks*, or to keep his spirits up. His housecourt is his haven. The encircling clay walls, the high ceremonial entrance gate, and the magic strip of wall immediately within this gate (to block the path of evil spirits) give him a feeling a security, sleeping upon the open pavilions. But he prefers not to sleep alone. If he has passed the age when he wishes to sleep next his wife, he will take one or two of his little sons to bed with him. Small children sleep with their parents, grandparents, or huddle in a group together.

[9] For the breasts, of course, the women show no modesty at all. It is only the region from the knees to the waist which must never be exposed. The Balinese feel about exposure of the thighs of women as Westerners feel about their breasts, and a woman in a Western bathing suit is extremely shocking to them for that reason.

[100 cont.]

793 at the same time is charged with offering the sacrifices in the temple. The klian, too, is a kind of spiritual leader; he is in charge of the care of the temple and is the leader in religious ceremonies.

624 Scattered villages are divided into bandjar, or parishes; in each there is a special local functionary, the klian bandjar or klian tinggi.

For administration and financial management there is a penjarikan-dèsa, the secretary-treasurer of the village; sometimes the klian has this office, but sometimes it is delegated to someone else, or, in the chief villages, to the pambekel gedé.

In most of these villages there is also a klian tempèk or klian troena, who calls upon the troena, or young members, to carry out the tasks they have to do.

Finally, in nearly every large dèsa there is also a sedahan temboekoe, "water bailiff," who is in charge of the principal aqueducts and who collects the taxes.

623 In some villages of this type there is a kind of village council composed of prominent soedra who act as counsellors and arbitrators to the klian and the penjarikan.

621 [101] Duties of the Inhabitants. With some exceptions, all adult, male inhabitants are obliged to carry out certain duties in the service of the village, such as keeping the roads in order, manning the watch posts, and taking part in offering sacrifices in the temple. Each in turn acts as messenger for the klian.

883 The youths (troena), in addition, are obliged to do spe-
●533 cial services, such as playing the gamelang in the temple [illus-
535 tration appears here], performing dances, etc. The young girls, too, have similar duties, such as performing round dances. Later on they become members of the temple choir, accompanied by the gamelang.

461 Those exempt from dèsa service are, among others, the
564 members of the highest caste, some also of the second and third caste, and the perbali (a class between the third caste and the soedra in rank, the propertied middle class) and young married people during the first year of marriage.

1:Alkema & Bezemer--507 E-4, 5 (no date)1927 OB1 Indonesia
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J [454 cont.]
534 rest on cords to which bamboo tubes are attached to serve as sounding boards. In addition one finds the flute, a kind of oboe, a kind of zither, and the rebab, the Javanese violin with two strings, which leads the melody. The rebab player is, at the same time, the leader of the orchestra.

J The gamelang in various forms is found on Bali also, but
B in many respects it is quite different from the Javanese. The
534 music of Bali and Java, however, undoubtedly has a common
533 origin; they are "two dialects of the same language" (1). [455]

1. J. Kunst and C.J.A. Kunst-van Wely, De Toonkunst van Bali [The Musical Art of Bali] (1924), p. 11.

The music of Bali is described as "more external, less complicated, and (it) expresses itself loudly in vivid colors; the Javanese, on the other hand, in comparison with the Balinese, is: more complicated in structure, richer in nuances and detail, more subdued in tone, and tireder, as it were, moving in subtle shadings; in short, more than the music from the Hindu island, it is the typical product of an ancient and refined culture" (1).

1. Toonkunst van Bali, pp. 11 and 12.

In Javanese music there are two tone-systems: pélog, with seven tones in the octave and irregular intervals; and saléndro, or sléndro, with five tones, apparently aimed at a division of the octave into regular intervals. Pélog is found on Bali and Java, sléndro only on Java (2).

2. Ibid., p. 16.

In 1894, Dr. J.L.A. Brandes, while studying Balinese manuscripts, came across some Balinese transcriptions of old love-songs,

J [455 cont.]
B on some of which the melody was indicated (3). A very im-
534
533

3. See Appendix VII, Notulen Bataavsche Genootschap, Vol. 37, second edition.

portant collection of Balinese lontar made by District Officer L. C. Heyting is discussed on pages 52 f. of the previously mentioned book Toonkunst van Bali, which deals with the subject in detail. There was no notation of Javanese gamelang music; various melodies have recently been transposed into our notation.

A very peculiar musical instrument that is most common in western Java (Banten and Preanger) and perhaps originated there is the angkloeng, an instrument that is shaken; it is also found in Banjoewangi and on Bali, among other places. It consists of a number of bamboo tubes, varying in length and thickness, cut at an angle at the top where they are arranged on an horizontal lath. At the other end, the tubes are closed by means of an ordinary septum, but below it two more projections are attached to the tube, and these fit into the holes of another horizontal bamboo. Thus, the whole is a bamboo frame holding some bamboo tubes, whose lower ends, when the instrument is shaken, strike against the inner wall of the lower horizontal frame-piece and produce a sound [456] whose pitch is determined by the length of the tubes shaken. The individual angkloeng are usually combined into an orchestra; either they are hung up and one player handles four or five of them, or each player holds his instrument in his hand or wears it on a band over his shoulder. If it is played as first described, a violin, a wooden percussion instrument, and a flute are sometimes added; in the second case the musicians go out in procession, accompanied by a player with a small drum and a few dancers and singers. The music serves as an accompaniment to the songs and the recitation of pantoen. Sometimes the players form a ring around the dancers. The recitation of epic poetry to the accompaniment of this orchestra arouses great excitement among both the players and the audience.